

News from *Bedlam*, Or,
Tom of Bedlams
OBSERVATIONS,
UPON
Every Month and Feastival
Time in this present Year, 1674.

VWith his General Judgment of the
State thereof, and what is like to Happen in several parts of the VWorld, with the Grand Causes thereof.

Calculated chiefly for the *Meridian* of Great *Bedlam*, and the *Cross Walks* in *Moor-fields*, where the *Pole* is *Elevated* many Miles above *Sense* or *Apprehension*.

By Tom of *Bedlam*, Knight of the *Franick Horn*, and Student in *Mathematical Gimeracks, Whimsies, Anticks*, and others rare *Chymers*'s.

*Stand back kind Friends, I pray now let me Come,
Now each have Writ their Minds, why not Mad Tom:
My Wiss shall Dance like to a Gravesend Wherry,
To please the Wise and make mad People Merry.*

with Allowance.

L O N D O N, Printed for B. H. 1674.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT

BY JOHN STOW
ESQ.

THE SECOND EDITION
REVISED AND CORRECTED
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Tom of Bedlam.



The Explanation of the Pictur.

HAd I the Art, to Use the Poets Pen,
 So to impart sound Wit to other Men;
 I would advise them, to be Wise and Wary,
 And not like me, in all things so miscarry.
 My Wits and Fancy, through the World do Plie,
 And in my Thoughts, I seem to scale the Skie,
 Supposing *Luna's* dry, and fain would Drink,
 Calls for her Pot, but like me, hath no Chink.
 I wind my Horn that *Jacobs* Staff doth hold,
 And see the Stars all glittering like Gold;
 One my Cross-staff, a *Quadrat* you may see,
 But I forgot to set down each Degree:
 Upon my Horn, you see an Owl doth sit,
 Th'Emblem of most that Almanacks have Writ.
 A Scutchin here's, presented by two Horns
 That stand a cross, like Mad-mens Coat of Arms:
 For want of Horns, my Case I do deplore,
 Instead of these, I wish Ten Thousand Score;
 One single Horn here doth supply those Twain,
 Which hath two Vents, like to a Mad-mans Brain.
 Two Creatures strange, on either side appears
 To catch at *Momus*, when he Scoffs and ~~Leers~~
 Another placed over the Crest on high,
 Declares his Spungie Brains are almost dry.
 A Triangle born up by three Cross Straws,
 Shews plain enough the Breach of Reasons Laws.
 My Cullers quire above my Heed I Florish,
 In the Despight of those that are most Currish:
 My Globe's the Earth, which highly I commend,
 Even from my Birth, and unto it I bend;
 My feather'd Plumes towards the Skie are spread,
 In have Ten Thousand Cratchits in my Head.

To the Reader.

I *F thou Look big, and Read with scornful Eye,
I must proclaim thee full as Mad as I,
The silliest things we know do oft nest in it,
And best Authors owe more to Luck than Wit,
The World's a Bedlam, all Men run astray.
But every one goes Mad a several Way.*

Tom of Bedlams Observations
for the Year, 1674.

I Tom of *Bedlam* in this Iron Age,
Adventure once upon the publick Stage,
Having lien close in *Bedlam* many a Year,
Come at last quite void of Wit and Fear.
I see the Learned Write, to shew their Wit,
But still their Art doth oftner fail than Hit,
Mad in my mind to hear the People cry,
New *Almanacks*, new *Almanacks* come buy;
I thought to Write to shew my simple Skill,
In nimble turning of the Gray-Goose quill:
I mention not any strange Prodegie,
Nor tamper with doubtful Astrologie.
Others there are whose Books will shew their name,
Which do not treat of Nuns and beauteous Dames;
They

Tom of Bedlams Observations; &c.

They spend their time in gazing at the Stars,
And tell us both of Peace and open Wars;
They count the Planets, say they are uneven,
And by Arithmarick find 'um just seven:
Twelve Signs they have appointed to Mans Body,
This makes four a piece, the writer was a Noddy:
Twelve times twelve Signs in *London* men may view,
You'll then conclude, all that they writ's not true.
I tell you not the *Moons* each several name,
Nor name the *Stars* for fear of gaining blame;
Nor the *Eclipses*, nor no Home-bread Charms,
Except it be young Women in Mens arms:
Nor Full, nor Change, nor both, nor any neither,
Of Frost, of Snow, nor Hail, nor Cloudy weather.
All that is written may not pass for Lies,
It's be not Truth, you'll find it otherwise:
----'m sure 'tis Truth, Laugh and Read it over,
You'll find 'tis Sixteen hundred seventy four.
Marvel not that no Months I here do place,
Nor yet Week-days, I have too little space.
Eclipses certainly there'll be somewhere,
And thirteen *Moons* within this present year.
Four Terms likewise w'll be at *Westminster*,
To ease their Purses, that do love to Jar;
Where not a Lawyer w'll forsake his Fee,
In stead of one, he rather will take three.
Two've Months also, for so my Keeper says,
In them Three hundred sixty and five days:
Let me remember, lest I should be shent,
This Year *Shrove-Tuesday* falleth before *Leet*;

Tom of Bedlams Observations

There is a day of which I can divine,
Wherein each Lad doth chose a Valentine :
From *Easter* day, two Holy-days do follow,
Young Men and Maids, of Sports will hoop & hallow
The first of *May*, by some fair *Stars* I find,
Young Men and Maids together will prove kind :
Tall towering May-poles in each Town shall stand,
And many Villages within this Land ;
Garlands of Flowers deckt, with Ribonds fine,
Glistering aloft, when th' glorious Sun doth shine :
Where *Pan* the *Piper* plays unto the Rout,
And every Lad doth lead his Lass about ;
To dance a Hay, a Round, a Jige,
In twenty weeks, her Belly is full bigg ;
But what strange Phyfick makes her thus to swell ?
Be shrow my Muse, if I at all can tell.

Observations upon *Whitsuntide*.

THere is another time of Sport beside,
By Youngers, called, Welcome *Whitsuntide*;
do preface byth' *Stars* that shine so clear,
Young Men & Maids, shall make both mirth & chear.
Green Trees shall flourish in some country Towns,
Bumkins will scorn then to be called Clowns ;
Then *Pan* appears, their pleasant Sports to see,
And on his Pipe doth play most merrily :
After each Lad and Lass, their work have done,
Unto the green Tree straight away they run ;
Where every Lad doth take his Lass byth' hand,
Amongst the Rout the which about doth stand.

Upon

for the Year, 1674.

Upon her Lips he doth Imprint a Kiss,
To meet him half the way she will not miss :
Sweet Musick of all sorts doth then abound,
Then hand in hand, they dance the Tree around ;
Then part asunder and Caper so high,
A Man would think they'd Leap into the Skie ;
They Leap and Skip, being in a merry strain,
They meet and Kiss, then Kiss and part again :
Each Lad his Gift oth' Musick doth bestow,
To please his Lads in this Triumphant show :
Poor *Tom* stands by, beholding this same Sport,
That far surpasses all Delights oth' Court ;
Wishing himself a Partner in that Bliss,
That he might Court the Maids and also Kiss.
E're twenty Weeks be past, Ple lay a Pot,
Some Maids prove sick, if their Bellies swell not ;
Some Lad is forc't to make his Lads his Bride,
For his sweet Dancing at last *Whit/sun*side.

Observations upon the four Quarter days.

I Do observe that plain it doth appear,
Four Quarter-days there are within the Year,
Which brings to Landlords great joy and content,
When as kind Tenants pays to them their Rent.
March the Twenty Five, I understand,
Is Quarter-day throughout this Famous Land.
The Twenty Five of *June*, as I hear tell,
Is Quarter-day, that pleaseth Landlords well ;
This Year on *September*, the Twenty Nine,
Landlords receive their Rents, and drink good wine.
And

Tom of Bedlams Observations

And upon *December*, Twenty and One,
This last Quarter like the rest is gone.
Poor Tenants case, much I do lament,
Which by no means great dangers can prevent:
I do bewail my own, and others Crimes,
Not gaining Coyn in these sad Iron Times:
When greedy Lions come unto their Doors,
And gapes for Coyn, and soundly at him Roars:
Come Fellow? Now come pay to me my Rent,
Or else to Prison straight thou shalt be sent:
When as the Tenant these proud words doth hear,
His very heart begins to quake with fear.
Then first of all his Goods are strain'd upon,
Not having left a Bed for to lie on;
His Wife and Children, tender, sick, and poor,
Half naked, strait are all turn'd out oth' door;
Her Husband then in a Prison is Confid,
To end his days, to please the Landlords mind.
I Tom of Bedlam to such Landlords tell,
That their Reward shall be to Fry in Hell.

His Observations upon the first Week of Christmas.

U Pon *Decem^r*, dated the Twenty Five,
Who ever at that Day shall be Alive;
The Week be ore shall see much Cattle slain,
The Bodies upon *Christmas* to sustain,
I do Presage, and eke Pronosticate,
There will be Feasting, both Early and Late;
With Cards and Dice, throughout this Land shall be
In great esteem, with High and Low degree:

for the Year, 1674.

Four Kings together to each House shall come,
And be esteemed both of all and some;
And shall be seen all in one Company,
And much admired of all the standers by.
Four Queens likewise, with their best Habits on,
The more to please the Eyes oth' lookers on:
Then four brave Fellows, deckt in Collors fine,
Wait them upon, but yet they drink no Wine;
You may know them from amongst twenty score,
For by their carriage, they are Knaves all four:
And every three of these, ten Followers have,
All deckt with Collors very Fine and Brave.
I should first have begun with the New Year,
But I poor *Tom*, was dreaming of good Chear;
How that Tenants send their Landlords Gifts,
That need them not, both these and other shifts;
Each Messenger a Gift doth then receive,
Of Gloves and Ribonds, which their Lord doth give.
They stay and Dine, and Sup, before they part,
God bless such Lords that wins the Tenants heart:
Tenants will Thrive under such Landlords, when
They rack not Rents, but are kind loving men.

Of the four Quarters of the Year.

NOW if *Diana* certainly wear Garters,
This present Year will surely have 4 Quarters,
Winter, Harvest, Summer, and Spring time,
Excuse poor *Tom* that knows not how to Rime;
In these Quarters such varieties there be,
Of Railers of each Sex, and each Degree:

Which

Tom of Bedlams Observations

Which caus'd a *Frenchman* for to break his Nose,
Also the Tears to trickle down his Hoose :
In this Conflict brave Gallent men shall die,
When it come to pass, you'l know't as well as I.

Of the Twelve Months, first of January.

I Have observed by great Care and Trust,
The days herein are One and Thirty just ;
This Month begins the first day of the Year,
When men and women dance and make good chear.
Great Fires I'me sure, will be in great request,
Strong Ale and Beer wi'l surely be oppress'd :
Warm Beds, hot Broths, good Chear is all in fashion,
Both in *London*, and throughout this Nation.
Cooks shops and Ordinaries, are now in motion,
The Gallants at the Wine shew great devotion :
Shop-keepers every one will wear his Gown,
Both in the City, and in each Free Town.
And let me now, to speak the truth be bold,
The Weather seems not hot, but extream cold :
There's one thing more the which I greatly fear,
Fagots and Coals will be exceeding dear.

Februaries Observation.

I Have observed by eating Pork and Pease,
This present Month hath Eight and Twenty days ;
One thing remarkab'e, I'll not let pass,
The second day is called *Candlemas*,
The twenty four is *Matthias*.
This Month resembles the last Month before,

Trading

for the Year, 1674.

Trading begins for to Revive the Poor
Shop-keepers, now do gather by their Gain,
And to the Poor do then Return again;
They fill their Shops expecting a rich Spring,
To vent their Wares great Profit home to bring.
One thing byth' way, to note, I'll now be bold,
The Weather seems to be exceeding cold:
Methinks I see a strange Out-landish Fire,
That's kindled betwixt a *Nun* and a *Frier*:
'Tis pleasant sport when *Mars* and *Venus* be,
United both by this Affinity:
Both *Friers* and *Nuns*, they all creep close together,
To Fast, and Loose, or both, or chose you whether.
The zealous *Monks*, that seem to be most pure,
As I love Life, do love a Lasse I'me sure.

His Observations for March.

Several varieties of Strange Alterations in
this Month, cometh to pass in divers places
of the World, either in Europe, Asia, Africa, or
America, if it happen that Mars and Luna be in
conjunction; for some will be so deep in love
with their Idols, that they vote upon, though they
have Eyes they will not see, and Ears yet they
will not hear, having Noses but smell nothing,
Mouth and perceive nothing, having a heart but
can feel nothing; which I smeth by my Astrolo-
gical Rules gathered out of the Learned writings
of those most Excellent and never to be forgot-
ten Authors, Jack Adams, Hobbediboboby, and
Poor

Tom of Bedlams Observations

Poor Robin : That Old Men that have Young
Wives will be made Cuckolds, Youth be be-
sot'o, Beauty betrayd, Wealth will be wasted,
and Vertue will be dishonoured; and that Lambs,
Pigs, Calves, Geese, Ducks, and Chickens,
shall either live till they be at their full Age, or
be kill'd to eat while they are young; and also
that a Horse is no Man, or a Cock no Hen, a
Geese no Gander, and a Bull no Cow, and a
Boar is no Sow.

The Weather oft will alter with the VVind,
And those can nothing see that are stark Blind.
Brave News ariveth rom beyond the Seas,
VVhich *English* Men, and *English* hearts doth please:
The *Dutch* so stout, before our Fleet doth bend,
They'l have the Rout, and thus this Month doth end.

April's Observations.

THIS Month the Earth beginneth green to show,
Adorn'd with Grasse & Flowers, that thereon grow
Soft and sweet showres, upon the Earth doth fall,
Rejoycing the hearts of Men and Beasts, and all.
Sweet singing Birds do make such Harmony,
With most sweet Notes, and warbling towards the
Pleasing to God, and also to Mankind, (Skie;
No Musick like to this to please the mind :
Part of this Month, perhaps it may prove warm,
But a good Fire will do a man no harm.

By reason that March is not in April, it pro-
duceth these and the like effects, that some will
dange

for the Year, 1674.

dance the Trenchmore without a Pipe, and some
can take no rest for sleeping, nor eat a full meal
after their Bellies be full, nor run fast when
they are not able for to stand: nor a Scolding
woman to be quiet for fourteen hours in every
day: Nay, more it teacheth a fool to flattery,
a Knave to lye, a French to dance, it makes a
Soldier valourous, a Courtier wanton; it
will make a Wiseman a fool, and a fool quite
out of his wits.

Young Lawyers now, shall lay aside their Books,
And tempted be by some fair *Venus* Looks:

Mars will be angry, and will draw his Sword,
Vulkin to him small sucker will afford:

Cupid from *Venus* shall the Trevant play,
And's soundly whipt for shooting his Shafts away

Mays Observations.

This Month begins jovially. Old Men and
Women rejoyce because they put their Cat-
tel to Grass, young Men embrace their Sweet-
hearts, going a Maying; the first day in the
morning is so cold, that the young men cover
the Maids with several green Gowns, and to se-
cure their own hands from the cold, thrust them
into the Maids bosoms: The first day is spent
in Varieties of Sports, as I told you before.
Some News more then ordinary this Month
both provokes; first, there will be such a fall of
Snow, that except they be young and fat, very
little

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little money will be bidden for them; Hackney Horses will hardly be worth their meat, many houses hath such Dogs, that no Beggar dare come near their doors; no sooner is the House at the Cheese, but the Cat hath her by the back; some Maidmarians will be gotten with Child in their flap, and the Hobby-horse will be mad that the fool must be the father. There is great talk of setting up several new Taverns, but it is Tobacco that will vent the old Sack; much Siberish is spoken, so that our own Mother Tongue is quite forgotten; Whores are half mad for lack of Vent for their Money; Law was never more out of use, nor men more out of Money; Women put Men quite out of Countenance; a Pot of Ale will be worth a Penny, and the Knave of Clubs will still make one in the Stock.

This Month doth end when *June* it doth begin,
Of some one side the Knave oth' Clubs will win;
There is more Knaves by Sea and Land,
Then all the World beside can well withstand:
A due sweet *May*, and eke fair Maids farewell,
Good *Friers*, I pray, let *Nuns* pass to their Cell.

Junes Observation.

This Month produceth a most strange difference between December, January, and this Month; for those that used then to cry *Sparks*, *Oysters*, fresh *Herrings*, and gray *Pease*, do
you

